

## Social and Personal

Champagne shades are almost a craze. They, with grays, will be much worn during the coming season through, and now are being made up into gowns of all sorts. A most superb evening costume is of net in the color and is elaborately embroidered with opal sequins, making an iridescent effect that is really gorgeous. The skirt is a double one, a style much favored, by the way, and each edge is cut in squares, each square embroidered with a complete motif. The bodice is soft and low with a bertha and full, puffed sleeves on which the embroidery is repeated and an unlined deep yoke of every lace. A simpler gown in the same color is of the broadcloth, and its skirt is all circular.

To the short upper portion two deep, graduated circular flounces are joined, each edged and headed with shaded flaps, which are finished with silk cord and show insets of Cluny lace medallions above each slash that are enriched by an outlining of embroidery in Persian colors. There is a hip yoke of the same embroidered and a deep yoke to match on the bodice that shows three overlapping rows of shaped bands, that match those on the skirts below the yoke.

The sleeves are those marvelous ones which show full puffs below gathered into gaudy cuffs. I do not remember ever to have seen such beautiful and varied jet and spangle effects. The latter are shown in marvelous colors and with iridescent effects that in themselves are a delight. While net appears to make a favorite foundation and the embroidery is often so elaborate as nearly to cover the gown, a pretty one is in all shades of rose, the sequins applied to form a most elaborate design. Another is all violet and the jet effects are almost too varied to describe. A most superb gown seen at the opera this week was of net elaborately embroidered with a three edged effect and each flounce was edged with fringe. With this and many of the black and black and white gowns, dog collars of jet held by bars of brilliant were worn, making a most satisfactory effect whenever the throat is less than ideal.

The necessary odd waists, without which, in spite of all effort to kill them, no wardrobe is complete, have taken a few new and charming forms, of which I must tell you before I close. One that I noted to-day at a most exclusive importers is of white chiffon with an entire, generous sized, bolero of lisse lace with insets of Cluny. Another was in champagne colored crepe mesh combined with white—May Mantion.

**In New Year's Week.**  
The House Committee of the Home for Needy Confederate Women will give them a Christmas dinner, and during New Year's week, Mrs. A. J. Montague, Miss Ruby Bodeker, Mrs. W. H. Richardson, Mrs. Emanuel Raab, Mrs. T. A. Miller, Mrs. Strauss and Mrs. A. J. Pyle will arrange to give them an entertainment and a delightful supper, at which all kinds of sweets will be served. Friends of the Home wishing to contribute to the pleasure of the inmates can send their contributions to any of the ladies above mentioned.

**Weymouth—Clayton.**  
A dispatch from Washington, D. C., states that Mr. E. Grayson Weymouth and Miss Louise Clayton, of Richmond, were married in that city yesterday morning. Mr. Weymouth is chief clerk in the sales department of the American Tobacco Company here. Miss Clayton is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hancock, of Manchester, Va. After a Northern trip to New York and Weymouth will visit his friends at No. 40 West Fifteenth Street, Manchester. The young couple were accompanied to Washington by Mr. E. J. Weymouth.

The Richmond Blue Book, a directory of well known people of this city, will appear in February, 1934. This edition has been revised and added to, every address being carefully verified until it is as authentic and up-to-date as human agencies can make it. The arrangement of such a book takes in the names of a glance. Maiden names of married folks, young and old, club lists and membership, can also be found with the name and address, together with the young people of the family who are over sixteen years of age.

The Blue Book should be in every home, for it will prove very valuable in making out lists for entertainments of all kinds, and in helping family memories. Compared with the "Social Register," it is much more comprehensive.

**Winston—Hammond.**  
The wedding of Miss Anna Edith Hammond to Mr. Thomas Scott Winston was celebrated yesterday at 6 P. M. in the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott R. Hammond, of Bolivar, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston will spend their honeymoon at the home of the groom's parents, Colonel and Mrs. William Winston, of "Malvern Hill," Loudoun county.

Miss Margaret Smith, the youthful daughter of Lieutenant Strother, of Hampton, Va., will spend a house party during Christmas week, which will be attended by several little Richmond maidens.

**Weddings of Yesterday.**  
Miss May E. Kirby to Mr. Richard F. Williams, in the home of the bride, No. 1019 Floyd Avenue, the Rev. Weston Bruner officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Williams will make their home with the bridegroom's mother, in Fulton.

Miss Sadie Wright and Mr. George Leslie Kelley were married yesterday at No. 10 North Twenty-second Street. A reception given by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowman followed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wright, of Hanover.

The wedding of Miss Mary Bernard Weeks to Mr. William Fourcreean was celebrated at 6 P. M. yesterday in the home of the bride, No. 523 West Washington Street.

The Misses Kidwell will have their dancing class as usual on Saturday afternoon next, the day after Christmas. They will give a german at Northside Hall, Tuesday night, December 26th.

Every member of the Columbia Quartette to appear with Blischoff at the concert in the Y. M. C. A. hall the evening of December 26th.

**No Dessert More Attractive**  
Why use gelatine and spend hours soaking, sweetening, flavoring and coloring when  
**Jell-O**  
produces better results in two minutes? Everything in the package. Simply add hot water and set to cool. It's perfection. A surprise to the housewife. No trouble, less expense. Try it to-day. In Fruit Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry. At grocers, 10c.

## A Merry Christmas To All.

In the few remaining days before Christmas, we desire to close out our Christmas stock of new and second-hand Pianos. The prices and terms will suit you. The quality of Chase Bros., Hackley and Carlisle pianos is of the very best, and cannot be equaled anywhere. All new and attractive designs. A more beautiful Christmas gift cannot be found. It is sure to please the recipient, and we can please you.

**Chase Hackley Piano Company.**  
603 East Broad.

of December 26th, is a musical artist of ability. The concert will be the most attractive musical event of the Christmas holidays in Richmond.

### Personal Mention.

Miss Pattle Russell, No. 216 East Franklin Street, left last night for Bristol, Va., and will spend the holiday season with her brother, Professor E. H. Russell, of that city.

Mrs. Margaret Whitehead Neville, who is with Mrs. Leake at No. 508 East Grace Street, and who has been very sick, has improved and will be glad to see her friends.

Miss Ruby Bodeker will be the Christmas guest of Mrs. Preston Leroy Roper, of Petersburg.

Mr. Eugene B. Sydnor left Richmond Tuesday evening for Wilkesborough, N. C., where he will visit his sisters.

Mrs. Hannah H. Bloomberg, of No. 9 South Morris Street, who has been under Dr. Tompkins' care for blood poisoning, is somewhat improved.

Mr. Edgar T. Bowling will go to Durham, N. C., for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Robert Page Grymes left yesterday to spend Christmas with her daughter at Winterport, Va.

Friends of Miss Jane Minor will regret to hear that though her condition is more favorable than it has been, she is still quite sick in her home, No. 419 West Grace Street.

Mrs. Robert G. Scott, as her numerous friends will be glad to hear, has returned to Richmond from Philadelphia for the winter.

Mrs. Scott will be joined by Miss Kitty Scott McGilvra, her daughter, and her little granddaughter, Grace Plummer McGilvra.

Miss Anna Belle Forbes, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Forbes, will sing Sunday night in the Grove Avenue Baptist Church. Miss Forbes has been studying the piano two years in New York, and she has a very fine voice.

Mrs. Alfred Magill Randolph, Jr., so pleasantly remembered as Miss Bessie Pace, who has been absent in England, for some time, with her husband, is on a visit to Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Glasgow are guests of Mr. John P. Branch.

### Why He Couldn't Play.

During the siege of Matingk one of the officers organized a concert, or "sing-song," to keep up the spirits of the men. He discovered, according to the story, as it is told in "V. V." that the men were cause enough for low spirits, says the Youth's Companion. Hearing of a sergeant in the Highlands who was a good performer, he asked the man to contribute to the concert. "Why?" asked the officer. "You play some instrument, don't you?" "I did, sir." "What was it?" "The bones, sir; but I've eaten 'em."

### Kisses.

Beat the whites of three eggs until they are stiff; then stir over the eggs three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar. Mix the sugar in lightly with a knife. Cover a board with paper, drop the mixture on it by spoonfuls, and place in a moderate oven, leaving the door open for thirty or forty minutes to let them color. Stick two together with a little jelly or jam between them—Harper's Cook Book.

## ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

How Santa Claus Came to the 'Possum Tree.

Poor Mrs. Gray 'Possum was a widow and very poor. She had tucked little Willie 'Possum and little Betty 'Possum away safely in their beds on Christmas Eve, and she was sitting at the door of the old hollow log that served them for a home, and wondering where she was going to get anything for Christmas dinner. Suddenly she began to listen—she heard the little 'possum brother and sister talking together. "Oh, Billy, I heard a little girl say, a-walkin' along through the woods, that to-morrow was Christmas, when everybody has all they wants to eat."



SHE WAS SITTING AT THE DOOR.

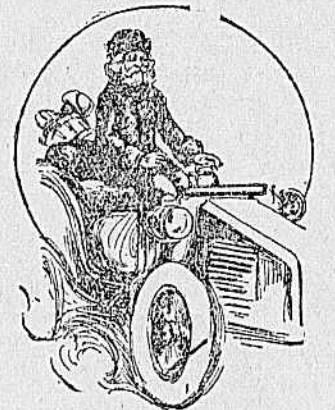
"Yes," Billy 'Possum said, "Sandy Claws comes down the chimney and brings 'em presents, too." "But we ain't got no chimney," little Betty 'Possum cried. "Yes we has," Billy answered, looking up the tall hollow tree to where they could see the stars shining in the sky. "That's our chimney. Sandy Claws is coming right down there." "Oh! Billy, don't you hope he'll bring us a lot of corn and some nuts—yes, an' lots of good things, 'cause we're so hungry." Poor Widow 'Possum in the doorway put down her head and wept. She was very certain that Santa Claus would never come near the hollow tree. But she was mistaken. Old man Coon, who was very rich and had more corn than anybody in the woods, happened to be sitting up in that hollow tree where the little 'possums were talking, and he chuckled and said, "I'll just play Santa Claus myself." He waited till both babies and their mother were fast asleep, and then he came scratching and clambering down that hollow tree, with a great pack on his back, all filled with the good things that 'possums and coons love to eat.

Well—well—well! Those little 'possums hadn't hung up their stockings, because 'possums hadn't any stockings, but they knew in the morning that Santa Claus had visited the hollow tree. And I don't believe there was a happier family anywhere, nor a better Christmas dinner, than there was at Widow 'Possum's.

### The Up-to-Date Santa Claus.

Here is a brand new Santa Claus. I don't like him at all; I don't like him you see, because he's awful slim and tall.

We'll never get acquainted, oh! I wish the other'd come. Because I like him best, you know, To drop into my home.



I DON'T LIKE HIS AUTO CAR.

I like old Santa Claus the best; His whiskers are so long and white. His belly used to push his vest 'Way up 'most out of sight.

His nose it was so jolly red, He bag was piled so high. He had nice reindeers to his sled, But this Santa—oh! my!

He's got no whiskers on his chin; He bag was piled so high. I'm 'fraid the folks won't let him in— This Santa with a car.

—HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

## OF HUMAN INTEREST; STORIES OF THE DAY

**Swearing by Proxy.**  
Archbishop Howley, who lived in the eighteenth century, most unjustly got the reputation of swearing like a trooper; says the Chicago News. "The explanation is that the Duke of Cumberland, who fought the battle of Culloden and who was unspeakably profane, once went in

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Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers,  
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Washington, D. C.

quest of the Primato to get his assistance about a certain bill which he disliked. He returned to the House of Commons, saying, "It's all right, my lords. I've seen the Archbishop, and he says he'll see the promoters to—before he'll vote for the bill." As a matter of fact, all the advocates had been supplied quite in the ordinary run of conversation by the Duke.

### Only Lack of Funds.

There was a worthy Irish member of Parliament who "as go generous that a request for financial assistance was never refused. But his checks were never honored. The shortcoming naturally in time became known, but it did not affect his popularity. A visitor to the district, hearing of the member's peculiarity, asked a leading politician how it was that public faith in the member was not shaken. "Why, sure, it is because he shows his willingness to assist but for lack of funds," was the reply.

### Thirsty Travelers.

An English lady traveling with her husband in Somaliland tells the following story of a thunder shower and the visitors it brought. "Once a Great and his men had come to the zeriba to pay an afternoon call, and, having on their best togas, did not care to get wet, so came and sat under the fly to our tent. They each brought a handful of spears and shields and huddled together in the cramped space alternately prodding each other or putting a spear head through the canvas roof. The storm lasted nearly an hour and when the first gleam of light appeared all ran with wild shouts to the dry track whence we had come, but with it was now a rushing river. All the camps and villages were flooded, to the detriment of wild songs, and then the ponies, sheep and camels—these last had had no water for seven days—were brought down to drink."

### African Decoy.

A traveler in Central Africa tells of a native hunter of the Wandoroo tribe who was the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the animal it was intended to stalk that day, was the means of deluding many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the boldness of the hunter or crashing he held his four-footed assistant.

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 63.

## A Visit From St. Nicholas.

By C. C. MOORE.

Clement Clark Moore was born in New York, July 15, 1773, and died in Newport, R. I., July 10, 1863. He was a son of a bishop of the Church of England. He was educated for the ministry, but never took orders, devoted himself to literature and educational work. The following verses were written for his children and then sent to the Troy Sentinel, wherein they were printed anonymously Dec. 23, 1823.

It was the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,<  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When 'twas that my wondering eyes should appear,<  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen;  
On, Comet! on, Cupid; on, Dunder and Blitzen;  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall;  
Now, dash away; dash away; dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;  
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack,  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow,  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Without the use of the knife we cure Cancers, Tumors and Chronic Sores, charging nothing for examination. Our patients are our best friends. Come and see the cancers we have removed and cured from air now happy patients, and your daily curing. They are wonderful. If then you are not satisfied, we will pay all your expenses.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Dressed Chickens and Turkeys at Low Prices.

Best American Granulated Sugar, 4 1/2c pound. . . . .  
Fresh Country Eggs, dozen. . . . .30c.  
3 pounds California Peaches for. . . . .25c.  
New Seeded Raisins, 1 lb package. . . . .10c  
Home-Made Mince Meat, pound. . . . .6c.  
Mountain Roll Butter, lb. . . . .15c  
Small California Hams, pound. . . . .9c  
Best Cream Cheese, pound. . . . .15c  
Canned Tomatoes, large cans. . . . .7c  
Large Malaga Grapes, pound. . . . .10c.  
Good Lady, pound. . . . .8c.  
Whole Sweet Pickles, quart. . . . .10c  
Pepes, XXXX, Mt. Vernon, Oscar  
Piper Old Brand Whiskey, bottle. . . . .75c.  
3-lb jars Home-Made Preserves. . . . .18c.  
Blackberry or Catawba Wine, quart 12c.  
New Dates, 5c. or 6 lbs for. . . . .25c.  
Salt Pork, per pound. . . . .7c  
Smithfield Hams, pound. . . . .17c.  
Cranberries, quart. . . . .10c.  
8 bars Octagon Shaped Soap for. . . . .25c.  
Good Green or Mixed Tea, pound. . . . .25c.  
New Virginia Buckwheat, 7 lbs. for. . . . .25c.  
Canned Sugar Corn, 12c.  
Canned Oranges, dozen. . . . .12c  
Best Leaf Lard, pound. . . . .9c.  
Duffy's Malt Whiskey, per bottle. . . . .80c.

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## Kellam Cancer Hospital

Twelfth and Bank Streets, Richmond, Va.

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by using cheap paints that contain lead, which will eat the tin, or cheap rosin oil, that will wash off in a short time. I DON'T PAINT ROOFS THAT WAY. I use the best pigment, that will protect the tin from rust, mixed with pure linseed oil. When I paint a roof it will last for years. It is cheaper than the cheap way, even if it does cost a little more at first.

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